

He Who Breeds Pestilence

Behemoth

Inflict the seed of Eve upon me
The heritage of Cain can't be undone
This my rejection, this my denial
That stirs with repulsive mortifications They attempted to deprive me from my odium of chaos
They threw my wretched body into rivers of purgatory
For such is a consequence of my angelic nature
Abortion of god in my leprous womb Soiled with the miasma of the bleakest hemisphere
The formless fires of Amenti unfold
Not nearly as frenzy as Discordia that breeds within
Not nearly as frenzy as disorder that I bring Universe is drained, so is my heart
This earth grew weary and dull
Is it the renaissance of my rigid existence?
Is there a future for me beyond the stars? I drink to desolation
I drink to your demise
Monarch of neglected kingdom
Oh, great despiser of life Et credo in serpentem
Misterium mysteriorum
In nomen eius Baphomet Hearken my Ophites
Consume the flesh and drink the blood
Obtain communion with utmost disgrace
Reject the benefits of Eucharist Disdain the lie, let your senses sharpen
Let your eyes see in the boundless dark
Resist not radiant light
Be like comets slashing through the vast skies
Be like ravening wolves unchaining hearts Now drink to desolation
Drink to god's demise
Monarch of neglected kingdom
Oh, great despiser of life O leo et o serpens
Qui perditur perdes
Sis valens nobiscum

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